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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1918 NUMBER 14

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

All round the globe grief's broken sob arises:
From prairie home and nation's capital
To boulevard and alley and farm fireside,
From Orient's mystic cloister
To Europe's trench-scarred field,
From prison-cell and college hall and factory.
Mill-hand and millionaire,
Peasant, statesman and engineer,
White-haired co-workers in his early labors,
The tiny tots who've lost their Santa Claus,
Negro and Hindu, Jew and Catholic,
Liberal and orthodox and atheist,
Speak their irreparable loss that he is dead,
Incalculable gain because he lived.

(One of earth's strongest sons,
Himself a shadowing rock amid weary sands,
But voiced the universal when he said:
"It is as if some tall pillar against which I leaned
Had crumbled.)

They mourn a great world-leader,
A man of peace, a patriot of the earth,
Liberal and radical, pioneer in all things of the spirit,
A breaker of men's shackles, emancipator of men's minds;
With courage fine, his spirit, so undaunted,
Shamed lesser souls to mask of bravery.
A Celtic bard with purest Cambrian fire,
Druidic sage, lover of trees and nature-lore,
His Cymric motto: "Truth against the world."
A giant soul who loved "the human being,"
A friend and comrade, heart-on-sleeve for all the world;
With mind too big for bitterness,
Brother of all, however he differed with them.
A martyr for his faith,
Slain by intolerance and man's crude bigotry,
Twice he laid his life upon his country's altar,
Content if Freedom's flame be thereby fed
And in his death some fraction
Of Freedom's price be paid.
A builder whose fair temples
Standing majestic, "four-square to the world,"
Shall adequately house men's needs
Through generations yet unborn;
A seer who with heroic vision
Saw nations unified by brother-love,
In deathless fellowship, "unrimmed by creeds";
Saw races risen from rule of claw and fang
Toiling together in unbroken amity;
A kingless world, democracy triumphant,
With war's dread banners nevermore unfurled;
Its cities cleared of greed and all corruption,
Its human beings free through self-control;
Its workers bold to own their fair creations,
And woman walking step for step
Down the wide corridor of the world
Abreast of man, her brother.

But is this all they mourn? O much
Indeed. . . . Brother and seer and builder
Few are given to be.—But his
Supreme of functions, the central dynamo
Which powered all the rest,
Was that of priest. His very presence
Was a benediction.

"Infinite Nearness! All-besetting Love,
Spirit of Life and Peace and Law"—
So brought he God into the hearts of men.
God, when he summoned, never seemed aloof,
His God of Law and Reason who grows with Evolution,
An energizing force, unbarriered by dogma,
Informing man with courage, joy, and fire.
As floods through some cathedral pane
The vigorous sunlight, quickening all below,
So through him ever poured God's very essence,
Till even the babes grew still
And were aware. He never failed to make
For every burdened soul,
However dumb or sad or tossed with doubt,
A shining pathway to the living God.

And this is why they mourn and go
Uncomforted. Scarce once in a generation
Has God been realized in such a soul,
Incarnated, made manifest, befriended
By one so overflowing with His beauty,
So like Him in rare power,
In tune with Him in will and thought and love,
Who stood a radiant proof of immortality,
An attest clear of Man's divinity.
Others may do his work,
May carry on this plan and that,
May gather the fine threads where he dropped them,
Fill in the pattern he at first composed.—
But who will break to us the bread of life?
Who give to men the vision splendid,
That knowledge far beyond all creed or argument
That here *is* God, and man, too, is divine,
And brotherhood the way of God's own being?

(Hark! Loud ring the bells proclaiming
Peace to the hate-cursed earth—
Too late!
How can the peace-bells ring with their great master
Not here to voice their message?
His world of love descends upon the nations
While kings depart aghast before the red flag of democracy
Flung forth triumphant upon a hundred royal ramparts. . . .
How shall the broken world rebuild
Without his guiding, loving wisdom?)

. . . . . .

He chides such little faith. It is
But poor reprisal for his boundless giving.
The man will come with right to hold his place.
Humanity bears in its heart his word of Freedom.
The Source of Light remains. Nay, more,
Our prophet-priest has but gone on to let
The god shine through on other needy souls.
The light he gave remains. Given, it was not lost
But only served to set
A myriad lesser lamps alight. Your soul
And mine received the illumination—
Now it is ours to render thanks
For the eternal gift
By keeping our small flames he kindled
Aglow to light the world his going leaves so dark.—
Thus shall we know his spirit with us
Through the years.

SUSAN M. QUACKENBUSH.

Portage, Wisconsin, November 8, 1918.

The Negro in America

UNITED STATES RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION.
November 13, 1918.
W. G. McAdoo, Director-General.
Northwestern Division.

To the Northwestern Division.

EMPLOYMENT OF NEGROES.

The condition under which negroes are employed as firemen, hostlers, switchmen, brakemen, etc., is not to be extended beyond the practice heretofore existing, and you are cautioned against employing negroes for this class of service or in any service not heretofore open to them, nor to take the places of white men.

Yours truly,
R. H. AISHTON,
Regional Director.

The question of *The Negro in America* is becoming more and more vital and the time is fast approaching when it must be solved according to the principles of true democracy which should be the foundation and spirit of our Republic.

History says that our great democrat, Abraham Lincoln, liberated and conferred upon the negro the rights of citizenship equal to that of the white man. In this history has unfortunately erred, because the hoped for freedom of Lincoln has been largely of name and not of fact.

The above official letter was received by an employer of labor and emphasizes our affirmation without our citing other acts of injustice which are being continually committed against this special group of our citizens.

America believes that she is in a position to give lessons to all the world in humanity, in civilization, and in democracy. But it would be well for her if such lessons were first put in practice in her own household and with her own negro sons from whom she demands the same observance of laws as from others.

The question of the negro in America is regarded with amazement by the entire world outside of America. Our protestations of *"making the world safe for democracy"* might well be doubted with good reason while such injustice is still practiced toward these ten millions of our citizens who were born and raised here in America. To defer this question longer and to shrink from its solution according to the principles of true democracy, is a violation of justice and a menace which in the near future may put the compages of our country in serious danger and place the name of America in an equivocal position before the world.

It would be well for us to remember that in the great war the negro regiments have fought heroically, as all other Americans have done, and with the sacrifice of their lives have honored America, their country.

JESSIE SHEARS CARNOVALE.

Tributes from Institutions and Organizations

Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Pa.

In the death of Jenkin Lloyd Jones on Thursday, September 12, 1918, the cause of liberal Christianity has lost a champion of great power; the pulpit of America a preacher-prophet of wide vision and deep insight, and the forum of progress and reform a spokesman of distinguished ability.

Mr. Jones was a graduate of the Meadville Theological School in the class of 1870. During his long and influential career he gained national and international distinction, and his name was associated with innumerable causes for human betterment.

"A man of Pauline type; 'prophet' in both senses,—a spokesman for God and in all good causes, and foreteller of the untried vision. A free catholic in all things of the Spirit, apostle of freedom, fellowship and character in religion. Unselfishly devoted to ministry and public service. Big-hearted, generous, sympathetic, democratic to the inmost fiber,—human,—a Brother-man; his adventures in humanity a wonderful series of discovery in the possibilities and charm of human nature."

The Board of Trustees make record with grateful appreciation of this noted Alumnus of the Meadville Theological School, and instruct the Secretary to place this notice on the records of the School and send a copy thereof to Mrs. Jones, with expressions of deep sympathy and confidence.

(Signed) WALTER C. GREEN, *Secretary.*

Chicago Rabbinical Association.

The Chicago Rabbinical Association extends to you its heartfelt sympathy in the loss of Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

In his death, we feel that we, too, have lost a friend. His humanity, his kindliness, his loyalty to the highest ideals of religion, his fellowship with all creeds and sexes, his sympathy for the downtrodden of all peoples, are distinguishing marks of his life and character, which his friends will try to be worthy of by emulation.

May you be consoled in the thought that during his lifetime he worked faithfully and beautifully on earth and that his efforts have not been unrewarded nor unappreciated. We can never replace him, but we shall ever cherish his memory by striving to emulate his noble life and cherish his high ideals.

May the God of All Mankind send you comfort and strength.

(Signed) FELIX A. LEVY,
Secretary Chicago Rabbinical Association.

The Anti-Imperialist League, Boston, Mass.

The Anti-Imperialist League records the loss of the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, a man of the purest character and the most sincere devotion to his ideals. He was placed upon its list of Vice-Presidents in the early days of the League, when advocacy of its purpose required courage and resilience in the face of obloquy, qualities maintained by Mr. Jones to the end of a brave life.

In making this minute, the League expresses its condolence with the family of Mr. Jones.

(Signed) MOORFIELD STOREY, *President.*
ERVING WINSLOW, *Secretary.*

The Oakland Group of Churches, Chicago.

(*From Their Thanksgiving Day Program.*)

In Grateful Memory
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
Died September 12, 1918

We are profoundly grateful to our Heavenly Father for the long and fruitful life and service in this community of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who, as pastor of All Souls Church, ministered among us for thirty-seven years. He joined in our Community Thanksgiving Services with glad heart. The neighborly fellowship of church people was a joy for which he prayed and wrought.

"He being dead yet speaketh," and his spirit of brotherly love is ever to remain with us and bless us. The first hymn in our service today was written by Dr. William P. Merrill in 1907 following Mr. Jones's prayer in connection with our Thanksgiving Service held that year in this church. (THE HYMN REFERRED TO IS "THE PEOPLE'S THANKSGIVING," SUNG AT THE LINCOLN CENTRE MEMORIAL SERVICE ON NOVEMBER 17.—ED.)

Congregational Ministers' Union, Chicago.

The Congregational Ministers' Union learns with deep sorrow of the death of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Pastor at Abraham Lincoln Centre. During his long ministry in this city he has defended the cause of the distressed and disinherited, and his voice has rung out fearlessly in behalf of righteousness, civic justice and mercy. We remember with gratitude his great heart, his generous spirit, and the largeness of his fellowship, and shall cherish his memory as that of a brave and faithful champion of good citizenship, righteousness and brotherly love.

(Signed) A. H. POST, *Secretary.*

Council of Jewish Women, Chicago.

In the passing on of Reverend Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the world has lost a noble man whose teachings in both private and public life have been of inestimable value.

Your loss is our loss, your sorrow our sorrow, and we, too, mourn deeply. May you be given strength to bear your burden.

Yours in a common sorrow,
COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN, Chicago Section.
MRS. EDWARD SONNENSCHEIN, *Cor. Sec.*

Arché Club, Chicago.

The members of the Arché Club are deeply grieved and feel they have lost a dear friend in the passing on of Mr. Jones. We extend to you our love and sympathy and trust you will be sustained as our departed friend has assured us, by our Heavenly Father. We rejoice in having this memory and assurance from one so dear.

MARION E. PLEWES, *Corresponding Secretary.*

Woman's City Club of Chicago.

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors of the Woman's City Club I was directed to express to you the sincere feeling of regret which prevails among the members over the death of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. In his death we are deprived of a great civic leader. Every cause with which he has been identified will feel his loss.

(Signed) AMELIA SEARS, *Civic Director.*

The Old Salem Lincoln League, Petersburg, Ill.

The Directors of the Old Salem Lincoln League have ordered that a letter expressing our sympathy and our own sense of loss in the death of Jenkin Lloyd Jones be sent in behalf of the League, of which Dr. Jones lately became an active member.

The poignancy of his loss is assuaged by the sure knowledge that he was spared to a long life of teaching and upholding those principles of right and justice which has made him and particularly his works known to a large portion of the peoples of the earth. His sympathies were so broad that they were able to reach out and cover the whole human family, and the world is a better place because he lived in it.

He was in full sympathy with the work we are engaged in. Knowing his clear vision, his years of experience in similar work, and his vast energy and ability, we counted largely upon him. Hence our feeling of personal loss and sorrow.

(Signed) THE OLD SALEM LINCOLN LEAGUE,
By THOS. P. REEP,
Chairman Committee in Charge.

Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee.

Another rare and radiant spirit has passed beyond our ken to the life that we trust abides forever. How real an inheritance you have in the memory of his ready inspiration, courage and peace!

He blessed and kindled and inspired those with whom he associated day by day, and his life was so wholesome, so strong and genuine in its interests that one is glad to have known him.

I extend to all those who loved him my sincerest sympathy. There is a natural sadness that we will walk with him the way of life no more in these fields; but even this sadness is tempered and sweetened by the remembrance that he has passed away full of years and worth and that he has been a blessing in our time.

His is an influence that will linger, permeate and inspire in a way that we do not realize, but in a way that will find increasing recognition in the passing years.

(Signed) GEORGE A. HUBBELL, *President.*

The Southern Industrial Institute, Camp Hill, Ala.

We, of the South, mourn with you in the passing of this distinguished man. His position is unique. Among all the men of America, I cannot at this moment recall the name of a single man who belongs in his class. He has visited Camp Hill twice at least, and on the occasion of his last visit, he was with us several days, speaking twice each day. He possessed the very rare gift of popularizing Whitman, Browning, Emerson and others, and yet you had the feeling as he spoke that his knowledge was not merely encyclopedic but that he had gone to the very depths with these great prophets of the soul. One of the many delightful experiences connected with his visits at Camp Hill was a reception we gave for him to the townspeople. A large number of men and women availed themselves of the opportunity of meeting Mr. Jones socially and of telling him how his words had introduced them to these various springs of inspiration.

I am wondering where he will be missed the most. Surely not more at Abraham Lincoln Centre than in some tiny home in the Western prairie where UNITY

makes its visit once a week. Jenkin Lloyd Jones was an institution peculiarly American. There will be other prophets and other patriots, but verily we shall not look upon his like again.

(Signed) LYMAN WARD, *Principal.*

Free Religious Movement Toward World Religion and World Brotherhood.

My Dear UNITY: What shall I say about the heavy grief which has overtaken all the friends of "Unity" and of unity without the quotation marks, by the passing of its stalwart leader, Jenkin Lloyd Jones? Since the day when I gripped hands with him in his study, and was privileged to hold in mine the cast of the hands of the great Liberator, I knew him for a man—a MAN—"every inch a man," and loved him as much as I admired him. UNITY stood for *him,* and its weekly arrival was something of the nature of a personal call, but always with a purpose, with a message, with a summons to some high emprise. Throughout these last years all loves and hates have been sublimated and intensified; and my love for Jenkin Lloyd Jones mounted with my hate of the things he hated, and my admiration for the brave tenacity of his will and the immense outreach of his power. And now that the evil powers have closed his great career before its time, I find myself echoing the words of the widow of John Brown of Priesthill when she gathered the shot-shattered head of her husband in her lap and to the taunt of the Bloody Claverhouse, "What do you think of your husband now?" calmly replied, "I aye thocht muckle o' him; but never half sae muckle as I do this day." Or I recall the words of the Earl of Morton over the grave of John Knox, "There lies one who in his life never feared the face of man." I will not say "rest his soul," but, "May his soul go marching on."

Grace, mercy and peace be with UNITY and all its friends.

(Signed) WALTER WALSH.

Rev. Walter Walsh, D.D.,
London, England, Nov. 7, 1918.

"I HAVE SO LOVED THE DAY"

I have so loved the glory of the Day,
From surging dawn to wondrous setting sun,
I think some light must linger on my eyes,
When life is done.

I think some glow of sunset or of dawn
Must touch the sleeping altars of my soul,
So they who look into my face at last
Shall wonder of my goal—

So they who come at twilight with wet eyes
Shall look upon my stillness, smile and go—
A little surer of their Paradise
Because I loved life so.

—*Dana Burnet.*

From His Colleagues in the Ministry

Rev. Peter Ainslie, Seminary House, Baltimore, Md.

I am sure multitudes have written expressing their affection for this distinguished man. I have been associated with him in several capacities through the years, especially as trustee of the Carnegie Church Peace Union, but my acquaintance with him antedates the beginning of that organization. I had a genuine love for him and am distressed at the thought of his being taken from us. He was one of those rare men who sought to express God in such beautiful terms of life that I cannot think of him touching any life without leaving an impression for God. I remember so well the last meeting of the Trustees of the Church Peace Union when he and I held several grounds regarding the great problem of war, and the conversation we had together following the meeting. It was a fine expression of himself and those ideals that make for the betterment of our race.

Rev. Charles E. Beals, Passaconaway, N. H.

For him, I think none but thoughts of triumph. One of earth's truest, bravest heroes has entered into victory. For myself I shall miss him in many ways. He was my most loyal and best beloved friend and helper during my years in Chicago. He took long trips with me in behalf of the cause which was dearer to both of us than life itself. As editor of UNITY he was nothing less than a towering moral prophet. His allegiance to idealism never wavered, his courage never faltered. I was manned by his weekly moral bugle-call! . . . What he was and is, is the very best consolation. Love is godlike and immortal and he who lives the love life and "works with God at love" shares eternal life with the Eternal. No biographical sketch or estimate will be able to portray Dr. Jones satisfactorily to us who knew him. He was one of the bravest and most chivalrous of God's true noblemen. He and Dr. Trueblood were my dearest man friends on earth.

Rev. Arthur T. Brown, Evanston, Ill.

I had learned to admire and respect him greatly. . . . But he had accomplished great good in his life—something which it is not permitted many of us to do. And so I feel that though we cannot but regret profoundly his going, we can yet be glad that he blessed us with his presence and his message so long.

Rev. Harry Foster Burns, Dorchester, Mass.

"A great soul has gone to its reward" expresses our feeling. In my experience no man was ever so kindly, so interested, so generous in his sympathy and so wise in counsel as Dr. Jones. His was a great life nourished by the unfailing resources. I have no doubt his devotion to convictions hastened his death, but that same heroic idealism gives his life an eternal value.

Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes, Birmingham, Ala.

Let me extend a word of sympathy so I may be counted among the many who have and will express to you some sense of the great loss to us all in the passing of the great friend and brother, teacher and prophet, Jenkin Lloyd Jones. I first met him thirty-two years ago last May, while he was on one of his

visits to the Meadville School and during my first year in the school. I was greatly drawn to him from the first, and wonderfully stirred by the addresses he made to us at that time. I spent my first night in Chicago with him as his guest in the old All Souls parsonage. He commended me to my first parish in Geneva, in fact sent me out there as an applicant for its vacant pulpit with only a letter of introduction from him to Mr. Eddowes and the good people. But so highly was he regarded in Geneva that his letter was all that was needed to introduce me to a three years' pastorate in the beautiful little village on the Fox River.

In due course of time he, with a few others of his friends in and around Chicago, came out and ordained me, he preaching the sermon, his great sermon at that time, "Religion From the Near End." I had him later at Humboldt to dedicate our new parsonage with his original Home Service for such an occasion. Later we had him with us in Geneseo and he preached my installation sermon in Kalamazoo, visited and lectured to our people in Erie, and the last picture of him which lingers in my mind was his venerable and prophet-like appearance as he preached my installation sermon here a year ago last March, and as he on the same day stood in the pulpit of the Jewish Temple and delivered his great peace message just on the eve of America's entrance into the war.

So in the passing of Mr. Jones I have lost my spiritual father and the world is lonely and greatly changed.

I would not undertake to measure his great soul and personality in this letter, for while he has touched my life in many ways these last thirty-two years, as he has thousands of others in his great public career, yet I think of him today as my spiritual father and inspiring friend.

Rev. William C. Covert, Chicago.

He has been for fifteen years such an inspiring friend to me. I have depended so on his leadership. We shall hesitate, I fear, in many of our common tasks because of his absence. No, rather we shall go forward in his memory all the stronger! My prayerful remembrance of him brings his work forward in my mind as one of the most pecious legacies the city has ever had.

Rev. Geo. E. Cuningham, Elmer, Missouri.

The news of the death of everybody's friend and God's friendly messenger to every human soul brought a deep sense of loss to me. I have felt for more than twenty years that his heart spoke to my heart in whatever he said or wrote. I knew him personally and had him preach in my pulpit in Little Rock, Arkansas, when I was in charge of a mission in that city a few years ago. I did not and could not differ with him in principle. In method, as regards our part in the world war, I perhaps took the stand he could not approve, that of wanting our nation and the men of every free nation to take the sword out of the hands of our mad German brothers by force, by the sword, as other means were not available or were ineffectual for the time being. But the message of the man was needed and is still needed by our age. . . . I am sorry the authorities of the government refused to send the paper through the mails. . . Permit me to be counted among the many friends of the spiritual prophet who has been called to the higher life, the truest and sweetest interpreter of Abraham Lincoln we have had.

Rev. Frank C. Doan, New York City.

What I keep thinking about all the time is Dr. Jones, and how I miss his spirit from the world and from my own life. How often have I said to myself during these years of world-darkness: "Your faith in the divine humanity need not be shaken, not hopelessly, so long as there is a Doctor Jones on earth to embody forth that divine spirit. He *proves* God against a whole world of mad, atheistic men." And now he is gone; and yet not gone, either, for I believe his spirit is even now brooding over us who are left and bidding us be of good courage and of good cheer.

Has it struck you—it must have—that all of us who are trying these days to tell what Dr. Jones meant to us are speaking in terms of a *personal* loss? The world has lost a great man, but we, we have lost a friend. Not every great man can have that said of him. I can think now of great men who like Dr. Jones left their impress on the world, but who, unlike him, had no time or genius for the more intimate and personal relations of life. He was everybody's friend who ever knew him: that's how great he was. Here, I am sure, is the secret of his greatness; he was so intensely human in all his thoughts and ways. And, being human, he saw straight into the heart of God. For God, too, is human at heart and is wanting, has from eternity been wanting, to draw all men and all nations together in just such universal brotherhood as Dr. Jones lived from day to day. I trust that we may all find the needed strength and insight to meet the days to come, in his spirit.

Rev. Charles F. Dole, Southwest Harbor, Maine.

The big world seems a bit lonelier away over here on the coast. We shall miss him very much. Surely it is God's world that gives us such men as he was.

Rev. Quincy L. Dowd, Winnetka, Ill.

Like ten thousand other friends, the news of his death gave us great sorrow of heart—it was so unexpected, so hard to comprehend, his being taken away from us all while there was still so much of splendid service and sympathy in his unexhausted soul and mind. But how good and precious it is to think and say in Psalmist words: "My times are in thy hand." Only a few days ago I had received a few lines from his pen in regard to UNITY. Hence it was my purpose during our present stay at Winnetka through September to run down to Lincoln Centre and have a brief chat with Friend Jones in his study. Now this must remain one of the imaginary conversations of "friends in council." Well, it is a spiritual gift to be thankful for that he and I were associated in several, shall I say major or minor, ways along the years since 1885, when I came to a Winnetka ministry. Thus in a fashion I followed in his steps, for Winnetka was his first pastorate and he, I think, was the first settled minister here.

Rev. John Faville, Lake Mills, Wis.

. . . not so much sorrow at the change as the joy that he has written his book of life so well and that he is beginning another volume.

Rabbi Harvey B. Franklin, Oakland, Cal.

. . . Mr. Jones is indeed a loss to us all that can never be filled, just as he performed that high service to God and his fellow man. I knew him as a boy at the Oakland School and have cherished his friendship and kindly interest in my work. He seemed a sort of good father or big brother in the field in which I try to serve. Many, many derived inspiration from him. His memory is a blessing to us all and indeed his life and labor can never be forgotten as long as good and love and service are remembered.

Rev. William C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.

. . . If he were not suffering, I know what beautiful memories you must have of those last days and what a sense of love folding around him he must have carried into unconsciousness. I don't believe even the disappointments of the later months weighed very much on him then. "I have failed here and there, and made my mistakes, but I have always tried for the good, have used life as a trust, have been true to my faith to the end and in the end and *go working*"—I should think he might have said all that to himself and died with a will and happy. Of course we can say more and much more as we think over the years and the service that filled them.

Rev. Eleanor E. Gordon, Orlando, Fla.

While I had no sympathy with UNITY's position in regard to the war, I did resent most indignantly the interference on the part of the Post Office Department with a free press, and I had a letter partly written to Mr. Jones when the sad news came.

Rev. W. H. Harrington, Seattle, Wash.

. . . I say *Comrade* Jones because we always greeted each other by that address on several points of fellowship. The same year he was graduated from Meadville I was graduated from St. Lawrence University. In the early years of our work, I was settled in Northern Illinois when he was at Janesville, Wisconsin. We exchanged pulpits. We held each other's children in our arms. He visited me at my home in Minneapolis. All through the years I have read with eager delight everything I could find in print over his name. No obscure friend could admire and honor him more than I do. We were comrades in the military sense, he serving from Wisconsin, I from Minnesota. Real, true heroism marked him then and ever since. We have just passed a world crisis which ends by establishing the very principles that always burned bright in his heroic spirit, always teaching and defending his position. Men and nations prosper by loving each other, not by mortal strife. The world was the parish of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. He was a prophet. I take his sudden passing as a deep personal bereavement.

Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, Chicago, Ill.

(Letter from Mrs. Hirsch.)

Among the many friends who share in the great loss, there is no one who will miss Jenkin Lloyd Jones more than Dr. Hirsch. During thirty years and more they were allied in one cause, the betterment of humanity. They may have taken different paths to reach the goal, but the object was the same. . . . Chicago's Tower of Strength will not be forgotten but will always be looked up to by his many followers.

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin, Los Angeles, Cal.

I want to express my appreciation of Mr. Jones's stalwart and self-sacrificing character. The three summers, parts of which I spent at Tower Hill, are bright spots in my life. There are few men I obtained so much from as from Mr. Jones, especially during the early days of my ministry.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes, New York City.

No words can describe the shock and grief I feel at the news of Mr. Jones's death. We have had pretty regular correspondence this summer apropos of the UNITY trouble, and it has been a matter of great joy to me to see with what courage and cheer he was carrying his burden. I fear, however, that the worry and work were wearing upon him all the time. I cannot otherwise explain his very sudden passing. When I think of when I saw him last here in New York, I have a picture of one who looked in the very pink of health.

You of course know without my saying what Mr. Jones had come to mean to me. I think he will ever stand next to Robert Collyer in my affection, gratitude and veneration. It seemed to me a very wonderful thing that he could give to a colleague so much younger than himself so much of his confidence and co-operation. It was a contribution to my life and a guidance to my thought and spirit which I shall never forget or cease to be grateful for. And now that he is gone, I feel as though a great tall pillar, against which I had been leaning, were suddenly tumbled down. This summer has brought desolation to my heart in several ways. The death of Dr. Gladden, while not unexpected, was grievous; the passing of Dr. Rauschenbusch was a sorrow which grows not less as time goes on; and now I am called upon to say my "Hail and Farewell" to Mr. Jones!

Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, Dorchester, Mass.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning at South West Harbor, Maine, when I first learned of Mr. Jones's sudden death, and I was about to start for the village church; but not for me the indoor service that morning. Rather the dome of the sky, the expanse of sea and inland sound and the mountains round about; these for the temple, and thronging memories the ministers in that hour of Sunday quiet and solitude by the picturesque shore. . . . The sorrow and bereavement is shared by so many in widening circles who have felt the touch of his personality and life. To all such and in proportion as they have been privileged to know Mr. Jones, he abides a vital force; to myself he is and will remain to the end a part of my inner life through the fellowship we have known through all the years. I have felt especially glad that I could meet him last March—glad then and more glad now that he is gone—and in that inner circle at the Gannett home in Cambridge and at Mrs. Marean's; glad, too, for those days he spent with me in Berkeley three years ago last March, when we lived over again incidents and associations of our earlier years while not unmindful of the present and its "new occasions" and calls. I felt when Mr. Jones was with us last

March that his ever active and earnest spirit, that of itself could never tire, was overtaxing a body that could tire; I think we all felt this and not without serious apprehension. But the going was not at all realized as so near. But if the call was to come, would he have chosen another way than this to go, his armor still girded and his heart in his work to the last? So going, he leaves upon us the abiding impression not of death but rather of life more abundant beyond.

Rev. Fred A. Moore, War Camp Community Service, Rockford, Ill.

I cannot attempt to express more than my deepest gratitude for the privilege of having known him as intimately as was my privilege. Surely his was a really wonderful and truly blessed life. Multitudes can rise up to say that from the bottom of their hearts. I have said so many times that he was Chicago's greatest man. I know that it was true. And certainly he is to be praised for the heroic stand of the last year as the crowning feature of a brave and faithful life. He is dead, but long shall live the spirit and influence of Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Rev. Henry W. Pinkham, Winthrop, Mass.

Now that he is gone, every memento of Jenkin Lloyd Jones is precious. I prize the following characteristic note from him bearing the date May 24, 1918:

"My crate is very full of material, but when your turn comes, I will be glad to print your article. Send along some brief matter. We have more long stuff than we can handle. Leave out as much vinegar as possible—all vitriol. I don't believe much in the medicinal value of pepper. We pacifists have a high task to live up to our doctrine of love. Hastily but brotherly yours."

Rev. Curtis W. Reese, Des Moines, Iowa.

I wish to convey my sense of loss in the death of humanity's friend. A mighty man, of vision and valor, has passed away!

Rev. Edson Reifsnider, Cambridge, Mass.

How we have needed him and need him still in these troubled days! I leaned on his serene strength and waited on his noble and exalted words. Good son of our Father in Heaven and stalwart champion of every worthy cause, richly has he deserved well at the hands of his fellows. As the years move forward, he will be more and more appreciated as a prophet voice of commanding power. Ever since, almost a generation ago, I sat in his study and talked of my wish to be a minister and undertook for a time service in All Souls Sunday School under his quickening leadership, I have found in him a source of inspiration. His friendship has been precious to me and I rejoice in it now and shall hold it as a precious heritage.

William Salter, New York Ethical Society.

He was a fine, exhilarating presence and I trust that his work may be worthily continued.

Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly, Norfolk, Va.

. . . He has been in my mind during the busy hours of my long days, and also during the hours of my sleepless nights. I think my thoughts have been selfish ones. I have thought so many times during these past weeks, "Why didn't I know Mr. Jones years before I did?" I think how much different my life would have been if I could have walked close beside him during the last twenty years. I remember vividly the thought I had the last time I saw him. We were seated in his living room. As I looked at him, I said to myself, "You just must live on and on for years to come because the world has so much need of you." But I know that he does live on and that in a real sense he speaks to those of understanding ears more appealingly than he ever spoke on earth.

I remember the great address he made at the National Peace Congress in St. Louis about six years ago. It was the most thrilling and impressive word I ever heard him utter and I can see him now leading the cheering when the telegram was read by the presiding officer announcing that the United States had recognized Republican China.

No, he is not dead, and we who have got something of his message must pass it on to the generations yet to come. His passing was a part of the order of nature. It is a part of life and while I with countless thousands of others grieve that we are not to see his shining eye and glorious face again, I rejoice that such a life could have been lived among men.

From College and University

E. W. Evans, Milwaukee Downer College, Milwaukee, Wis.

I feel I have lost a personal friend when he departed from this world to reap the heavenly reward for his earnest, sincere and untiring labors to uplift and educate mankind.

James Parker Hall, University of Chicago.

He was one of the best men I have ever known—perhaps the very best—and two generations of my family have loved and admired him. The last time I saw and talked with him, I envied his splendid vigor, which seemed so much more full of vitality than was mine. I wish one in a thousand of us might look back on such a life as full of noble usefulness as his—but the memory of him will long be sweet.

David Starr Jordan, Leland Stanford University, California.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones has been one of the noblest and wisest men of our time—a sincere patriot with the greatest of hearts and the broadest of outlooks.

O. H. Libby, University of North Dakota.

His whole life was cast in heroic mold and it is certainly fitting that it should end in a time of heroic sacrifice and self-devotion in every part of the world.

Albion W. Small, University of Chicago.

The word that Jenkin Lloyd Jones had passed on to the company of the immortals reached me just as I was leaving New England. I want to register my testimony of respect and love. Perhaps you remember the occasion, not long after the Columbian Exposition became history, when Dr. Barrows introduced him as "our humanitarian cyclone." That phrase has always recurred in my mind whenever I have thought of Dr. Jones. The flaw in the metaphor is that it suggests destructive action rather than the "showers that watereth the earth." No one who knew Dr. Jones can think of him now without reference to his position in regard to the war. I disagreed with him absolutely, but I never doubted for a moment that the man with whom I disagreed was the same big-hearted

and whole-hearted champion of the best as he saw it who had been a champion of all goodness and righteousness all his life. Chicago and the country at large and many places in the wide, wide world will miss his tremendous stimulus. On the other hand, the streams of influence that he set in motion will be fountains of blessing longer and wider than anyone can measure. His work and his memory have become the secure assets of the world struggling to make sure the kinds of values which he promoted. I want to join in the sorrow that his bodily presence is no longer here and in congratulation that such a magnanimous life has been lived.

Frederick Starr, University of Chicago.

Between the announcements of his illness and his death, came the printed statement regarding UNITY's suppression and the rights we all love. I am thankful that so good a word should be perhaps his last public message. You know that I shall miss him greatly, although we so rarely saw each other.

Edward A. Steiner, Grinnell College, Iowa.

I would not be quite true to my feelings if I did not express to you my sense of loss in the passing on of your great leader. He was the one true *liberal* I had the privilege of knowing. Of course I have known many ministers of liberal churches, but most of them were narrow, unsympathetic, and uncharitable. Dr. Jones was the finest Protestant and at the same time a real Catholic. He was in the truest sense a Jew—he was all these and more, and yet not in a shallow way. His convictions were deep though his sympathies were broad. He suffered for his faith and yet without bitterness and rancor.

A. H. Tolman, University of Chicago.

I admired Mr. Jones. I appreciate the great work he did for all of us, and deeply regret his loss.

James H. Tufts, University of Chicago.

I have long honored him as a fine liberal spirit, a lover of letters, a friend of fellowmen and generous helper of good causes.

From Other Well-Known Men and Women

Hon. J. J. Esch, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

It is a matter of heartfelt regret that one who wielded so large an influence had suddenly to quit his task.

Florence Earle Coates, Philadelphia.

I did indeed know—as I think all who read must know—of our great loss in the death of so high-minded and pure-hearted a man as Mr. Jones. I have read with deep interest the many loving and noble tributes to his memory.

William T. Evjue, Madison, Wis.

It was so easy to write of Mr. Jones. There is so much of good that can be said of him. It is hard, however, to see men of his fiber leave. There are so few of them these days and they are so badly needed. . . . I sincerely hope that the death of Mr. Jones will not affect the future of that brave little periodical, UNITY.

Edward Howard Griggs, Croton-on-Hudson, New York.

May I express my sense of the great loss the world has suffered in Mr. Jones's death?

Thomas S. Jones, Jr., New York City.

Although I never saw him, I have felt his gracious and beautiful personality and loved him.

Mrs. William Kent, Washington, D. C.

We have been privileged to have known Mr. Jones as we did and to get his wonderful message. I feel that it has been largely his religious spirit that has helped us to teach our children of the Everlasting Arms.

William Kent, Washington, D. C.

My love and sympathy in the world's great loss.

Harriet Lake-Burch, Bloomington, Ill.

It is not in my power to tell you the feeling I have at this time—it seems to me that something quite personal is happening to me—I had wanted so to look into his face, to see the light of his eyes—and now,

> Vibrant with change, Life's final signature is death
> And Death is Life set free.

We must be glad—such a momentous life and so full of all good deeds and aspirations with its long, splendid years of service to his fellows, *we must be glad.* It is difficult to interpret the joy in the midst of sorrow, yet we who appreciate such souls never doubt it is there. . . .

Miss Julia C. Lathrop, Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C.

During all the time I was at Hull House he was one of the great figures of the city and always as gentle and friendly and simple as though he were an ordinary person. So I have always thought of him not only as a man of great and noble influence but as one of the very kindest human beings I have ever known. I do not see how one could be more than the combination he expressed.

Hon. and Mrs. Julian W. Mack, Chicago.

. . . the great loss which we and Chicago and humanity have sustained.

Frederick T. Lynch and Henrietta Neuhaus, Church Peace Union, New York.

A noble soul has gone on. His influence will live for many years.

Mrs. Jessie Hardy MacKaye, Washington, D. C.

I need not say how truly sad the news has made me. I always pay the highest tribute to the Lincoln Centre days and the profound influence which my old friendship with Mr. Jones has had upon my life. He it was who made a true militant of me and his lessons of the power of non-resistance are faithfully lived each day. More than ever will we who have had the privilege of sitting under his teaching be charged with the observance of the moral law he taught.

Lucia Ames Mead.

I am sure that to the end he was courageous and cheery and making a ray of sunshine wherever he went.

Mrs. Alice Park, Palo Alto, Cal.

Mr. Jones's life is one that we all like to remember and I am glad it was so useful and so long.

Graham Taylor, Chicago Commons.

The gentle, stalwart, free and serving life of Jenkin Lloyd Jones has rounded out his full-orbed career. Fitting is it that the end came at Tower Hill, under the open skies and from that outlook which he loved so well and which inspired him for all the insight and service exacted by his work for us all in the turmoil and rush of the crowd. I have always been much drawn to him and felt with him a kinship of the spirit. I shall hope to catch more of that spirit of his through the last impress it made upon UNITY and in sharing the hearing of what may be said at the Lincoln Centre Memorial. It is hard to think of that name and place apart from his presence. But it will never be disassociated from his name.

Jessie Rittenhouse, New York City.

I need not say how keenly I deplored the going out of Mr. Jones nor how much I appreciate the great and beautiful force he was in American life. I am so glad that he came here and that I had one beautiful evening with him. I shall always remember it as an inspiring time, reaching far beyond the hour itself. I had Angela Morgan to meet him and it was good to see them together as their views were so much the same—and mine were also. His work will go on, as one like him will ever be a living force.

Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

I feel a personal loss in the departure of my friend, Mr. Jones. He was a brave, noble and lovable man. I always remember with joy the enthusiasm he used to show at the various Congresses of Liberal Religion. The crowds passed us by, having other interests; there was merely a handful of people present. But he spoke as though he were addressing the Universe and his faith in high ideals never seemed to waver. He was indeed a rare soul and a true prophet. His ministry will long be remembered with gratitude. There is something very inspiring in the power exercised by those who grow strong by their pursuit of the ideal. The world smiles good-naturedly at their impractical dreams or derides and scorns them as pernicious visionaries, but when through its sins of omission and commission disaster has come it turns to them and their rejected counsel in the hour of sore distress.

Judge Alva E. Taylor, Huron, South Dakota.

I have the pleasantest recollections of the day spent at the Hill something over a year ago and shall cherish the memory of the last visit I had with him. We all hope that someone will be found who can do as much for the rising generation as Mr. Jones did for all of us who used to meet in the little church across the street.

Mr. Charles J. Woodbury, Oakland, Cal.

The President of the Pacific Theological School has just telephoned me of the death of the one dearer to me than any man I have known since Emerson. I cannot make it real that he should be gone into the world of light and I yet linger. . . . My first letter from him was only two years ago, when he asked me to come to him, but he had been my friend for a long time before through his public words, so strong and firm and gentle, albeit with eyes that pierced all appearances. I had read UNITY ever since 1878 and always for his own speech in it. *That* I read—every editorial, every one of the Sunday School lessons, every word.

And now he has grasped the fulness of life eternal! But he *lived* here, lived to the very last; and how many called living are really dead, their bodies empty! They don't live, they only don't die. I do not expect ever to know again a nature of such soundness, of such integrity, such presence and power, who clarified my vision and whose unusual and noble standards were, alas, not seen in these war-eclipsed days in which the nation's evolution has been limited to the economic merely . . . with the result that religion has been lost sight of and love, his "Love for Battle Torn Peoples," has been taken out of the elemental laws of life. Think of refusing post office privileges to such a publication as UNITY! But it must go on just the same, and all the activities of the Centre. . . . It may not be the old life—it cannot be. Who else shall be so fearless in times of such devolution, such degradation to primitive emotions? The German God, the French and British and American God, all repetitions of the Hebrew God—meanwhile the very God, who is the Soul and Spring of all life and whom our man knew as Love—what of him?

Of one thing I am certain. Whatever of the body, *he* was one with Emerson at his passing:

> Teach me your mood, O patient stars!
> Who climb each night the ancient sky,
> Leaving on space no shade, no scars,
> No trace of age, no fear to die.

I shall look for every word that is now printed of him, but no one can speak with such just precision and adequate appreciation as he would speak of another. He had such a big, generous personality, such a buoyant good humor, that he projected into every character he met! In public matters, how this, his white cross, led the red! And I will smother my grief, my despair. I will make myself think of him as he now *is*:

> For an hour, if ye look for him,
> He is no more found,
> For one hour's space;
> When ye lift up your eyes to him
> And behold him crowned,
> A deathless face.

James Waldo Fawcett.

I never had the happiness of personal acquaintance with Jenkin Lloyd Jones; that is, I never met him face to face or felt the warm pressure of his hand. I am only one of the friends he made through UNITY.

When I began to write my Social History of the United States in the Great War I wrote to many editors and asked them to give or lend me files of their publications for use in this connection. Among Americans only five answered, The Nation, The Dial, the Catholic Weekly America, the Outlook, and UNITY.

I had seen occasional copies of UNITY before, but I really did not *know* the paper. A careful examination of the file sent by the Senior Editor showed me what a beautiful work he was doing, and I became a contributor.

The correspondence between the Senior Editor and myself was typical, I think, of all he did. It was filled to the brim with the kind generosity of one who loved youth and sought to help and guide the young. It was replete with brotherliness and comradeship. The last letter was written a few days before the "end."

In it he asks me to write soon again, "if your health and leisure permit."

Men like the Senior Editor do not die; they merely graduate. They love and work on this earth, they win respect and affection beyond all price, they turn aside at last at a crossroad of life, they go on to a new field and a greater victory.

Dr. Faville sums up the life story of Jenkin Lloyd Jones when he says: "He loved the people." He does not say: "He pitied the people." He says: "Loved." And that is the keyword. Like Jesus Christ he *loved*.

I who did not truly know him, miss him, feel he is away but not absent, that he is my friend, that I, too, love the people, that we are comrades marching toward the Dawn.

Personal Letters

[From the flood of beautiful and touching personal letters, we have selected such sentences as are of general interest.—Ed.]

Every issue of UNITY these days makes me feel sad and lonely, still it is the same UNITY. I had feared that it could not be the UNITY we all knew and loved. . . . I cannot say how much he has stood for all my life. I have had more reverence for Mr. Jones and Jane Addams than for any other people I have ever known or read of.

May there be no moaning at the bar of God's anointed.

The only comfort we can have is in rejoicing in the thought of his joy. The present condition of this world made that grand dear heart of his ache hourly. Now he is beyond the mist and sees the reality of all. A life such as he lived has taken him way into the real things, and I am sure that great heart is singing a song of joy at this very moment.

We have all lost a dear friend—a beacon light to right. His memory will always remain with us.

The time has not yet come to estimate his life and character. A generation with a broader vision, more like his own, and one with a Christlike spirit, more like his own, too, must do that. Some day he will be known for what he was. What he has done for his fellow men can never be estimated. Of course he was too big to care for the credit that belonged to him and which was constantly being usurped by others who were neither original nor in any way big enough nor honest enough to be in his class. I have never felt that he was in any class, for that matter. He stood alone. As I have often said, he was the greatest man I have ever known or ever expect to know. Had he been more compromising in his ideals, he would, it seems, have held more people, and the United States government would have found it unnecessary to employ some of its ordinary boys of twenty to censor the work of a great and blessed mind. I am too small not to care. I have felt resentful and have felt heart-broken that he should not have had the peace of mind and the comfort that comes with perfect understanding these sunset days. One fact has comforted me greatly all along—he seemed at all times in perfect harmony with the Infinite and it is good to think of him as accountable only to such a source.

It is hard to think of Chicago as going on without him. I wish he could have seen the end of this war before he left us. How he has enriched our lives. I can never tell of my indebtedness to the beautiful, loving soul.

His beloved name shall live with us.

Few in his city, in the country, in fact, have stood so firmly for the things of the higher life, have so clarified and helped to crystallize the nebulous thought of so many. I have always felt I could not be without UNITY as it gave me a point of view nothing else did. Many, many of us are the richer for the unique and splendid contribution it was Mr. Jones's privilege to make to the world. I shall watch with interest the fate of brave little UNITY, standing so valiantly for its truest convictions in the face of popular opinion.

The entire English speaking world is bereaved by the death of this courageous and noble apostle of rectitude in morals, of sanity in religion, and of political and economic freedom. It would be impossible to estimate the vast service Mr. Jones has rendered during his busy and active years. Thousands will miss the inspiration of his genius and the bracing influence of his fearless advocacy of truth, rectitude and good will.

I have just learned of Mr. Jones's passing into that land that is so far off to most of us; certainly to him it must have been just crossing the threshold into his Father's house—but oh, what a gap he leaves in this world! I suppose no one can really estimate what he meant to thousands—some of whom never saw him. I can hardly think of Chicago without his genial smile—his strong melodious voice. He was like one of the old prophets—more, for he added to that the soldier bravery.

I wish I might express my great respect and admiration for his ability, his independent views and fearlessness in action, his wisdom and high ideals. Several times I was inspired to write to him on questions of church work and the study of Browning, also my great friend. His answers were always prompt, very sympathetic and kind. I suppose the world is full of just such instances in connection with him, and I can hardly see how we are to go on without the leadership and influence of men of his type who have rapidly passed from sight, leaving their places vacant. . . . The world will never again seem to me quite so big and human now that I know he has gone away. . . . My feeble hand will indicate that I belong to his generation, nearing the close, and to his school of thought goes without saying.

If time is measured by what we put into it, Mr. Jones lived many times longer than anyone I have ever known.

My heart goes out in sympathy to the world in sorrow at its loss. He was so needed and will be so missed.

Perhaps lives like his never do leave us, for I know that nothing can take away the ideals of life that he gave me.

His influence has touched and moulded many, many lives.

Every hour I am recounting the limitless debt I owe to him, the immeasurable debt this community and his whole generation owe him. "The greatest man of his age" might truly be said of him. How this whole world will miss him!

All of the boys who come to Lincoln Centre realize that they have lost their best friend.

. . . But I am rejoicing, too, that the world has been so blessed by his splendid good sense, his beautiful spirit. The first thought when the news came was, "Oh, what a loss to this poor old world!" We shall need his benign help in the difficult days of reconstruction. It's such a queer feeling I have—a greater certainty than I ever felt about anyone's death—that there is no such thing. He *must* keep on living!

There was a geniality and inspiration in the personality that we will miss while his words and teaching will abide as long as time shall last. His work is not finished but will go on and on. I have been so isolated from Lincoln Centre this summer on account of not getting my dear little UNITY. As long as I could get that once a week, I felt in touch with the message of hope it always contained.

The future seems so blank without his guidance, but he always had all faith to continue to strive and be steadfast in what he knew to be right. So I must use the strength with which he never failed to inspire me.

It is a great loss to each one of us who sat for so many years under his ministrations and a still greater loss to the world. He certainly was unique. This last year he had seemed to me better than ever. His lessons to the Tuesday Class seemed to me much better even than usual. He has been an inspiration to many people and through them will be passed on to countless numbers of others.

We know that his continued messages of faith and good-will are not lost, and that the work of UNITY, even though the paper be temporarily discontinued, was endowed by him with eternal life. His idealistic aspirations, his earnest, consecrated, hard work for mankind's spiritual and humanitarian progress, will bear fruit. I am so grieved that his last days were saddened by the Government's misapprehension of the principles for which UNITY stood. But the future will judge more justly.

My mother asks me to write for her. She was so much older than Mr. Jones that she thought of course that he would outlive her. Their ideas and beliefs were similar. She wrote me: "Tell them I am heartbroken!" One of her most precious memories is of the visit she had with Mr. Jones the last time she was at the Centre.

I was very sorry when I heard Doctor Jones was dead. But death comes to us all and then something better for us that served Him, our Heavenly Father, truly. That we can say about Doctor Jones—he went to a better land, the land he fought for as long as he lived. Now he is there. He certainly was one of the best members of Ford's Peace Expedition. Take my poor sympathy—a real Norwegian's, a real Pacifist's, a real peace-man's sympathy.

It is the nation's loss. We needed him in the coming reconstruction, and who can take his place?

We were looking forward with great joy to the day when Mr. Jones would be with us to christen the little babe we were so anxiously awaiting. But I am sure his spirit will be with us for he loved the little ones so much.

The loss of Mr. Jones, his dear smile, his hearty greeting and his wonderful courage, leaves me feeling very much alone, as it does all of us, I think, in spite of our common fellowship. He meant so much to us and in so many different ways. Of course his leadership will be even more clear now than it has ever been before, for I suppose we are only beginning to suspect the true greatness, the universe-wide immortality of the spirit with which it was our privilege to come in contact. My deepest hope is that in some way we may be strong enough to carry on the torch he has left in our hands.

We too have lost a dear friend, one who has had the greatest influence on our lives. The world is so much richer for his having lived!

Mr. Jones was the courageous leader of our cause, and the one my mind always turned to when discouraged with others, for he was a Christian gentleman. His spirit has been a great example and I am grateful to have been within his influence and thank the Lord in heaven for it.

I feel dear Mr. Jones is having a radiant welcome on the other side. I rejoice in his happiness.

We felt that we had received under Mr. Jones a real university training in the study of the Religions of the World, and that as seekers after spiritual truth, he had given us the broadest, most tolerant foundation and training.

We mourn the head of Lincoln Centre and the "master of the Hill." For twenty-one years we were under his instruction and received from him the highest ideals. The best of poetry and story he brought to us and gladly shared with us all his gleanings from literature and art. Lincoln Centre without him will be desolate indeed.

I think he inspired in me more love for poetry and truth and fearless thinking than anyone else I ever knew. And now that he has gone it seems as if a presence that has always been an important element of my life has gone too, and I shall in some way have to re-orient myself.

Never shall we forget the two days spent at Tower Hill in 1916, its gracious host giving us freely his time and talking of the high purposes of his life.

So many have had the inspiration of him in greater or less degree—a blessing that cannot be taken away.

I cannot make it seem real that my dear friend of all these years has slipped across, and that his radiant smile, his cheery greeting, his unfailing sympathy belong to the treasures that we have "loved and lost a while." I can never cease to be thankful that we had the few hours of companionship last spring.

A brief newspaper notice brings me the sad word of our irreparable loss. My children have always quoted three men as being responsible for whatever good I shall have been able to do during my lifetime; of these they have come to regard Mr. Jones as the first. I am, therefore, one of the unnumbered disciples who will miss his presence, but who with his fortitude as they have learned to adopt it, will endeavor to go on under his silent captaincy, to do the things he would have done. I am grateful beyond the expression of words for all he has meant to me.

If all the great leaders of the world possessed the knowledge and insight that he was blessed with, history would have a different story to record.

There were so many of us so dependent upon him for our daily blessings! He had always been, and never more than now, the great teacher that the world so needs, and the benign friend.

One of the finest souls that ever lived has passed, and because his was the greatest influence that came into my life, I want to bear testimony thereof. It is almost thirty years ago that he extended the hand of fellowship to me and introduced me to that vigorous and uncompromising personality that in those days was so rare and even now finds such limited expression. While that pertained to religious emancipation, it was the culture side of life as he revealed it that inflamed my spirit and made him an inspiring potency through all these years. The great of the earth in all ages left the impress of their lives in tome and stone; it was for him to be their interpreter; and with a love and sympathy that were clairvoyant he restored to life what time endeavors to brush into the dust heaps of eternity. Plato, Buddha, Christ, Dante,—all mean more to me because Mr. Jones lived.

I learned only by chance that our dear Mr. Jones has gone on to the next phase of life, to the higher plane for which his whole experience in this world was a preparation. Volumes will be written by those whom he helped, telling how and why. To me, in spite of my great admiration and appreciation of his learning and his eloquence, the essential thing to me about Mr. Jones was that having known him, I can never lose my faith in human nature. No matter who else, or how many people are sordid, or self seeking, or willing to compromise the highest idealism for any reward, I know that one man always lived what he preached. If there could be one Jenkin Lloyd Jones, one must believe in the divinity of mankind. In my later years, my hope of immortality has changed to a living faith, and I believe our Mr. Jones is still with us, helping us, pulling for the right as he always did, except with greater freedom and with the added power of greater knowledge.

We who have enjoyed his teachings and example these many years must now work harder that his work may be carried on in the same broad-minded spirit in which all his work was done.

In a way, I am glad of Mr. Jones's release from all the heart-breaking coldness and espionage he has had to endure these last two years. It is well with *him*, but we had been so accustomed to rely on his never failing courage and optimism and his perfect faith that we cannot imagine a future without his strong support.

When I think of the thousands being daily hurled out of this life, unripe for the next, without the surety of immortality and the sense of vast destiny which was so clear in Mr. Jones's heart, I am almost reconciled to the "great-hearts'" leaving us that they may be leaders where they are, I think, sorely needed. A serviceable life, a triumphant life, radiating Christian brotherliness and hope to the common man, must be needed where spiritual culture, mind and soul experience, are the only strength. He would gladly and proudly have lent all he was and had to a great world service, I know; I remember how in June when I was with him he spoke of feeling inutile and yet serenely biding his time till there was constructive work to be done. I love to think that God is calling out many such volunteers to be His ministering spirits to the confused and unprepared young war volunteers who had only begun this life.

And so he has gone—my beloved friend of many years, the comforter and strength of so many sorrowing ones. Who is to carry on his strenuous work! How many are left to mourn the irreparable loss, and by so much is the other side enriched by his entrance therein.

Oh, it is so sad and cruel that his last days should have been distressed by this unwarranted persecution! I shall always feel that this war killed our dear friend and leader. The brave soul nothing could daunt, but the aging body could no longer bear the burden. I begin to realize that I have ever had a sort of feeling that Mr. Jones would always be here to grapple in his strong way with big problems, to keep the standard of right high as heaven, to lead the world to Love. How *can* we spare him? His spiritual descendants are countless and some of them we hope can make good our loss and lead us still onward. . . . It just seems as if UNITY must keep going. There is no other paper in the world like it, and its message is so needed, never so much needed as now.

If I never before had believed in human immortality, I must believe in it now.

It is more difficult than ever to face the future these trying days without his wise, sweet counsel.

I am glad Mr. Jones could go while every sense was keen, his interest keen, his enthusiasm for life and its problems so great. The sorrows that have come with

the last year or two only made him appreciate the loyalty of those who were left;—for those of us who staid there was a richer, deeper, sweeter note in the sermons. Mr. Jones's flame burned clear and strong till the end. I am so glad it was so, and I know the Death angel was sad to take the cup of life away while so much remained, and some way, somehow, we will go on, true to the vision he gave us.

Brother, teacher and friend he has been to me. He made me one of his centurions in the 90's. I looked forward to his being with us during the reconstruction period which must follow this most awful war.

I cannot help feeling that the present state of the world helped to break down his resistance to disease. But his soul at least was untouched except by sorrow—let us be glad of that.

I prize highly the privilege of having known and worked a little with Dr. Jones. His broad viewpoint, his very warm and kindly spirit, his prophetic vision and his cordial interest in all good things will be a lifelong inspiration.

Mr. Jones and Tower Hill have meant so much to me. They will always be among my tenderest memories. I am sure if he could have chosen he would have preferred to breathe his last at Tower Hill and just now it must be beautiful there.

He seemed eternal to us, and so he is still, but as long as we are in this material world, we have found it necessary to have our spiritual services through a material form, and the only one we could consider has been he. . . . has dreamed so earnestly of that marriage ceremony that only he could perform. And all our big moments were to be blessed by him. We can never be content with less and nowhere do we have the slightest desire to turn for our times of joy and sorrow to receive the benediction. Much, much rather would we receive his speechless blessing out of the ever-present great unknown.

He was taken from the midst of his work as he would have wished. We are grateful for his beautiful life and for the years he was spared to us and the world.

I have looked to Mr. Jones for my spiritual uplift for more than a quarter of a century, and he has never failed me. To think that we must now plod on through trials and sorrows of coming years without his loving help seems altogether impossible.

It has been gratifying to learn through one who was at the Hill something of the last days and of his hopeful, courageous spirit to the end. Countless hearts are saddened by the passing away of one so rarely noble and inspiring. He is associated with the deepest experiences of my life; his sweet and helpful marriage service, the tenderly beautiful funeral sermon for ——, which took away for me and the friends who heard him much of the sting of death, and lastly Mr. Jones's christening of my son in his own lovely, benignant manner.

They have told me he is dead. Not dead, for he lives in so many hearts that loved him. I wouldn't bring him back to meet the awful destruction of life and the ideals he has held sacred. But I have lost my brother, my counselor in losing Mr. Jones. A courageous, a brave man, is gone forever from us, and if we do our duty by ourselves and respect his memory, we will try to carry forward the work so well begun by him.

It is impossible to say how deeply I mourn the loss of the altogether unusual combination of heart and brain that was known and loved far and wide. Writing is too slow, too cold, too mechanical. Every thought of him was an inspiration. Years ago in Boston I first knew him. At the time of the Exposition, in his own church, I heard the thrilling suggestive sermon in which he took us all up in a tower and we saw earth's movements dim and dimmer and small and smaller, till we looked over and up instead of down. The lesson was distinct, not to be forgotten. I am thankful that I heard him at the Free Religious meeting and again at the Browning Society. The numbers of imprisoned UNITY that are now coming seem pitifully sad.

I too mourn the passing from our immediate presence of the great soul who was so dear to so many. It was given to him to do a great work here, and he did it gloriously, and his memory will be cherished most ardently, gratefully and lovingly by great numbers of those to whom he was an inspiration.

Since I heard of Mr. Jones's death I have been so dazed I could not find the courage to *try* even to write a word of cheer. It seemed as if we had come to the end of all things and I was glad of my seventy-seven years.

I wish that no one might stand on that platform who does not voice such sentiments as Mr. Jones might approve until such time as the country is ready to accept his broad principles of peace. They are bound to be accepted in time, but O, the pity of it that he cannot see it!

Mr. Jones's good sound advice was ever at our disposal. . . . Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church, which were built around Mr. Jones, are institutions which will serve as monuments to the memory of him.

He was so splendid and fine that he should have staid forever. I suppose he really does stay always, but the physical is so much to me, and I like to reach out and take hold of any I care for. It was his understanding of Ibsen that first attracted me to him, and was it not just like life that when we were both in Ibsen's country, I do not remember that I had time to nod to him? I am still deeply appreciative that I was permitted to be one of that much maligned group that was allowed to stand up for its principles.

I had known and loved him ever since the early Lawrence days when for some time we were without a minister and kept up our church interests in the Woman's Alliance, and he used to come occasionally and preach for us, or we would have a little social

conference which would bring us all together and fill us with inspiration. He usually stopped with us and we looked forward to his visits with delight, and no sermon or lecture ever seemed to me so strengthening or uplifting as his. We have taken UNITY since its commencement during my father's life and I always read that, if I had no time for other papers, until my eyes failed. Certainly no one ever lived more truly up to his convictions and the world is better for his life. I am very glad you are going to keep up the dear little paper, and though we shall miss his kindly personal message, his spirit will be in and through it and will do its part in the struggle to bring about Truth, Righteousness and Love in the world.

When my mother opened her last UNITY she was far from well, and the shock of seeing the announcement of the death of Mr. Jones was so great that she has not been able to read anything since. She is too ill even to have the whole of family letters read to her, but her mind is clear and she asks after or wants to be told a little at a time about UNITY and all it stands for, and it lies very near her heart.

Even in the short time we knew him, he had a real influence on our lives as he did on the lives of all who came in touch with him.

All of the recent differences of opinion fade away as I read the tributes in UNITY. I fancy Mr. Jones kindled more lives than he ever dreamed. I meet people of all shades of condition and opinion who quote him. Certainly Chicago meant to me All Souls Church with its busy, helpful activities and inspiring friendships and its stirring Sunday messages. And twenty years in this lotus-eating land have but strengthened those memories. . . . Mr. Jones's prayers certainly were timeless in spirit and theme and as lofty —or loftier—in diction than Stevenson's. I can see his rapt face now and hear his rhythmic Celtic utterance.

With the sorrow went a thrill of gratitude that his life had been spared that long for the grand work he had done and was always planning to do. In two letters from him last month came no note of pain or of complaint, but only saying that he was working in full strength, and I thought how grand it was that he could say that while I cannot ever say it of myself. How he will be missed by thousands of people who knew him!

To the author in his prime comes death as a friend to supremely glorify the life too rich in divine loveliness for human understanding.

The loss of such an intellectual, tolerant and benevolent influence is an unmeasurable bereavement to the nation.

We have lost a friend and teacher we both loved. He taught me the essence of religion is love and its mission the righteous brotherhood of men.

He was great in many ways, but we shall remember him especially as a lover of all humanity and of people individually. One could not fail to understand his interest.

His sudden taking away must seem to us all indescribably sad. We shall all miss that pure and lofty countenance and hearty handshake.

I must voice my sorrow and regret at his passing and my reverence for his noble life and the memory he left as a beacon-light to those still living in these trying days! It was my comfort and joy for several years to read his soul-stirring and beautiful sermons in UNITY, but it was my privilege only once to meet him personally, and yet I feel that I have lost a very dear friend and comforter and guide, so strong and lasting is the gentle power of his goodness, his boundless moral strength and unforgettable loveliness of manner. . . . I came to tell him of my father's death and to thank him for the length of time he had sent UNITY gratis to my father, who was unable to pay for it, and to express my appreciation of the comfort which its pages brought to mother and myself. He laid his hand kindly on my shoulder and looking into my eyes said: "Then you enjoy the paper?" Upon my answer in the affirmative, he said in his fatherly way his hand still resting on my shoulder, "Then you shall have it, my child!" When I left, the grand old man accompanied me out to the entrance of the building, and the last I saw of him he was still standing there glancing after me as though lost in revery. I have never forgotten that kindly interview. I constantly think in my thought of him of Longfellow's lines:

> So when a great man dies,
> For years beyond our ken,
> The light he leaves behind him lies
> Upon the paths of men.

It would fall short of his wishes that any should grieve greatly at his going. His brave spirt rose above his own trials so nobly. His whole life has been dedicated to the uplift and help of humanity. So I feel like saying "God speed" to his spirit in realms where he shall go forward in his work of helping God—for that is what it was.

There is also a deep regret that he will not be here with his wisdom and fine spirit of helpfulness after the war when surely he will be greatly needed. And then—he would have had "his hearing," I trust. But who knows that his influence may not reach us from the other side as well as life after him here? How glad I am that UNITY was released in the mail in time for him to know and what it tells of his cheeriness and heroism in suffering is inexpressibly touching and inspiring.

With him passes away the man whom I feel was most nearly universally loved by all those of his generation who had the good fortune to come in contact with his kindly personality.

His passing can but add to the glory of a life ringing true to the end in supreme devotion to those lofty ideals on which his faith was pinned in truest sincerity. The person who, regardless of difference of

opinion, political or otherwise, cannot appreciate the true nobility of this character and the concentrated devotion to high purpose exemplified in both word and deed, is truly of a narrow and small, if not unkind, nature. A rugged, white-capped mountain towering in plain and simple majesty, with weatherbeaten sides, yet ever pointing upwards, weathering the storms of all ages, Jenkin Lloyd Jones will long live in the memory of those who knew him, no matter what their creed or station. Our hearts will be softened by the memory of this noble white head, bearing the burdens and responsibilities of middle age with the smile of youth on his countenance and a boyish twinkle in his eye; ever ready with a merry whistle on his lips, yet with a mind of keenest penetration and a soul that reached out in sincere love and sympathy towards all of mankind.

How can it be? Of all that vigorous and useful family, he seemed the most likely to survive to advanced age and continued activity. . . . The earth seems to be less firm and reliable under my feet. In space I have been removed almost the width of a continent except at rare intervals for the last thirteen years. But I have always imagined him as there, either at Chicago or Tower Hill, maintaining the truth as he saw it, preaching, teaching, publishing abroad the principles of truth, freedom and Peace, in the service of which he died. I do not believe there was in these regards a more useful man in America.

> And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere
> Where all is made right which so troubles us here,

I feel sure that a worthy sphere will be found for so noble and devoted a spirit, so clear a mind, so exquisite a taste. His literature classes alone would immortalize him, and I cannot but believe that the able and brilliant minds which he has inspired will anew gird their loins and follow him in those enchanting paths he was always following and in which he ever found new beauties. . . . UNITY at last is coming again, and I trust that the hysteria of "patriotism" (official) will subside after doing all the harm it could, and never interfere again! Some one must write the story of his wonderful, God-driven life of preaching, teaching, exhorting, inspiring the crude, groping and still noble West.

Up on sacred Tower Hill amid all the hallowed associations, the big Spirit winged its flight. How natural, how true to his soul emphasis. How far those years of unselfish service upon those heights have propelled his spirit for the longer flight! Right onward, a leader still for all eternity. Another great light extinguished, another cruel sacrifice upon this world altar of war. But oh what a rejoicing among the other great lives when the word goes forth, "Jenkin Lloyd Jones has come among us!" Lincoln the first to grasp his hand in welcome, Browning waiting for the "good news," gentle Emerson, "I knew heart's love would meet me again." The waiting host of glad hearts to add their word of joyous welcome, knowing that once again their leader is in sight. The highly attuned life could no longer exist in the midst of this world din of cruelty. Infinite wisdom is summoning these great leaders for the work of building a new earth. Into their hands will be put the instruments which earth's present crudeness would have blunted and rendered useless. "Be still, oh heart, wait and soon you will realize a sublimity of leadership from above. I am not leaving the world comfortless. Soon another Comforter will come," is a voice which is speaking as I write.

Our best beloved and most inspiring spiritual leader has closed his earthly book and will read to us no more. The loss is irreparable.

I am almost glad for him, but how we will miss him! How many will honor him now!

The love and esteem of his fellowmen we know will follow Mr. Jones beyond the grave will be a source of consolation in the days to come.

The beloved hero triumphed.

With what gladness he must have entered into the great unknown where he heard "Well done, good and faithful servant." It seems to me his going was so beautiful from his home in the hills and at sunset as he crossed the bar, there could be no mourning for him as he saw his Pilot face to face. I shall never forget those vesper services on the porch at the Hill and the prayers which he offered.

It seems to me he was never needed so much as now. Why did he have to go? . . . His picture has hung in my home for many years, an inspiration to us all. I am so glad that I heard him preach and clasped his hand in New York last winter. The memory of that meeting will be ever precious to me. "Thanks be to God that such have been." It is only such spirits as his that keep us from despair in these dark days.

The world is a happier place for having held a living spirit such as his. His sorrows only made him gentler and sweeter.

He has always been my inspiration. To Mr. Jones and mother I owe any good qualities I may possess. He certainly made the world a better place because he lived, and he will always live, for his influence can never die. The older I grow, the more I appreciate him and his work.

As this sad news comes to me, the thing that is uppermost in my mind is how fortunate I am to have known the privilege of friendship with such a man. The effect it has had on my life cannot be estimated. How beautiful to think that he has gone on to the full realization of himself and that his spirit lived with us to make immortal his deeds here for the betterment of generations to come.

It was a very great privilege for me to see so much of Mr. Jones at Tower Hill some years ago; his grand personality impressed me so much and his kindness I shall never forget.

Correspondence

To the Editor of UNITY:

I am afraid that Mr. Henry W. Pinkham is incorrect in saying, in the course of a discussion of "A League of Nations" in your issue of Nov. 21st, that our Civil War "cannot be attributed to any defect in our federal system," as originally founded; this is just to overlook the ultimate political significance of the Civil War. That war was the direct outcome of the view that the "States" of our Union were "free and independent States." The Southern "States" acted on this theory—for, if they were "free and independent," they might, of course, secede from the Union, if they chose; as a lady in Charleston, South Carolina, said to me last spring, "We did not suppose that the North would question our *right* to secede." The war decisively disposed of such a view—did so by force, by "blood and iron"; now no one regards our various commonwealths as free and independent states—save in the regulation of their domestic affairs—even so they may not erect tariff walls about themselves, as free and independent States have always been and still are at liberty to do.

Undoubtedly certain forms of coercion against individual commonwealths cannot be exercised under our Constitution—*e. g.*, an enforced payment of "State" debts. Our political system gives as much liberty as it possibly can to local governments and to individuals, consistently with national unity and security and the maintenance of certain ethical standards; but the general government is itself the judge of what rights it may give and what withhold; in other words, it is a sovereign State, and the local governments are not properly States at all. (In the interests of clear thinking, it might be well, if it were practically possible, to follow the example of Professor Burgess, late head of the School of Political Science at Columbia University and one of the leading authorities on constitutional law in this country, and discard the term "States" as applied to our various commonwealths, using "commonwealths" instead.)

Any absolute line between coercing individuals and coercing "States," such as Mr. Pinkham seeks to draw, thus breaks down, and the Union, as it now exists, is as much a league to *enforce* peace as it is a "league of peace"—as any local community or commonwealth would speedily find out, if it attempted to act for itself regardless of the Union's laws. A League of Nations now, which makes no provision for enforcing peace, will, I fear, have the same deficiency and weakness which our own federal system had before the Civil War. This is by no means saying that a simple league of peace would not be an improvement on our present world-order (*i. e.*, disorder), or denying that it may not be all that is practically possible in the present divided state of the public mind, whether here or abroad; into that question I will not enter.

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 4, 1918.

MY TRIUMPH

* * *

O living friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases:
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted:
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbor;
An equal-handed labor;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

* * * *

—*Whittier.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

COMPENSATION

Though we grow old and slow
The children are not so.
Their world's a rose new-oped,
Gold-hearted, pearly cupped.
Golden to-day: to-morrow?
Who talked of fear and sorrow?
Their world spreads endlessly,
Holden from sea to sea.

Our days turn as a wheel
Flying, a miracle;
So fast, without surcease,
The senses ache for peace.
So short our days, so long
Theirs, between song and song,
So much to see and do
In a world of gold and blue.

That which we have foregone
Their hands take hold upon.
Finish what we let fall;
Make good, atone for all.
The little heads inherit
The crown we missed, and wear it;
The darling shoulders bear
Our gold and miniver.

Though we grow old and pass,
The lad we made, the lass,
Dance in the wind of Spring,
When flowers break, thrushes sing.
Gather the daffodil
By many a golden hill.
Yea, though our suns be set
Make us immortal yet.

—*Katharine Tynan.*

From "Amphora," a collection of prose and verse chosen by the Editor of the Bibelot. (Mosher.)

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